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PETS AND COMPANIONS

A SECOND READER

STICKNEY.

GINN AND COMPANY.

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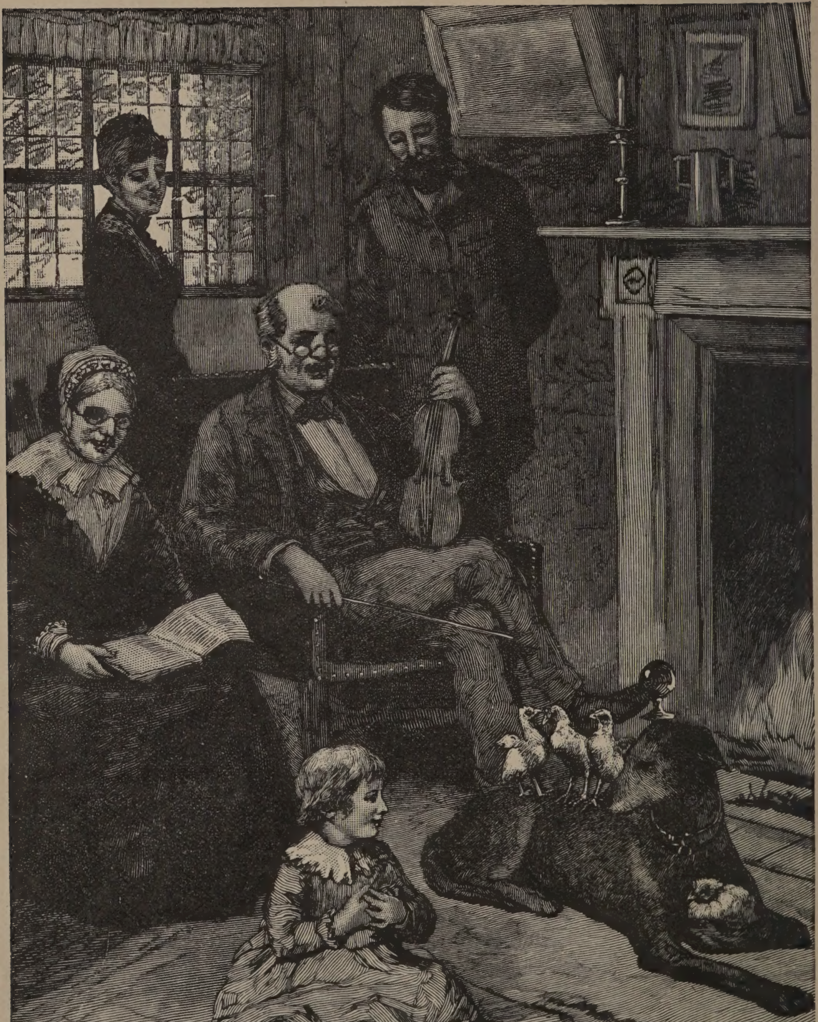

GOOD NATURE.

STUDY AND STORY NATURE READERS.

PETS AND COMPANIONS

A SECOND READER

BY

J. H. STICKNEY

AUTHOR OF STICKNEY'S READING SERIES, "WORD BY WORD"
ETC., ETC.

BOSTON, U.S.A., AND LONDON
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Miss E. S. Parkman
April 27, 1905

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PREFACE.

THE cordial and wide acceptance of the author's General Readers has encouraged the hope of equal favor for a graded series on subjects pertaining to the Natural World.

General Readers and Nature Readers must, to a large extent, cover the ground of school reading. The former draws from any branch of literature, appeals to the many-sidedness of our children and youth, stimulates and elevates taste for reading, and gives scope for variety in oral expression.

Nature Readers, while losing something in literary finish and variety of style, gain in singleness of aim and concentration of interest. They appeal to love of knowledge and induce a habit of study. They come closer to the heart of things which are the sources of our physical and natural life. The old saying, so often quoted, "The proper study of mankind is man," has taken on a wider interpretation since the study of man is understood to have creature-life for its early chapters.

It is certainly true that a wealth of material for educational purposes lies around us in the natural world. Every age has counted an Æsop, in some form, among its favorite teachers. Science is every year bringing truth concerning God and man that is stranger, fresher, and more acceptable than fiction. The avidity with which our children receive it, and the quickened healthful growth they manifest by reason of it, are a sufficient demonstration of its value.

Nor is it alone because the study of nature contributes to the knowledge of man, that we are wise to pursue it. Nature is worthy for her own sake. Creation is good before and apart from man, though thus conceived it lacks its completion and crown.

Whatever may be the causes, there is coming up from the schools a call for books which help to interpret the natural world and keep our children in touch with it. Even those who most strenuously insist upon the study of actual Nature at first hand, feel the need of books to give verbal expression to what is otherwise in danger of being loose and fragmentary, a pastime rather than a pursuit. There should be entire harmony between these complementary departments of Nature study; in cases where our too crowded programmes preclude the introduction of a large amount of research-work into school hours, reading which stimulates the observing powers becomes invaluable.

Many excellent books have been added to our school facilities in lines of Nature-work in the last few years, but it is believed that the supply does not yet meet the demand. The plan contemplated in the present series has not been worked to any extent. And it seems to be true that in the adaptation of material to grade the problem is but partially solved.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE last word of the author of a schoolbook is to the teachers into whose care it must be given. No book becomes a success but through their efforts. There is every reason why the author and teacher should be in intelligent fellowship. Nor is it a mark of deficiency in either that some word of explanation should be required to convey the slow-growing purpose of the writer to the swift comprehension of the reader. In the present case there is little doubt that the simple message of the stories will be readily apprehended.

The book is not an ambitious attempt to express scientific truths in words of one syllable!

It is first and chiefly an easy Second Reader, whose lessons deal with living creatures in what, to children of six or seven years, are their most attractive features. It covers most if not all the needs of a general reading-book.

WORD STUDY.

The harder words of each lesson (all words that go beyond what any First Reader should contain) are placed conveniently by themselves under Word Study (pp. x–xviii).

To promote interest in reading and in the subject matter, teachers are earnestly asked to spend five minutes with the class in studying these selected words before beginning to read the lesson containing them. Nearly all such words are used two or more times in the same story.

Attention is called to the Vocabulary, as it is of primary importance in readers of this grade. It presents in easy connections words which should become familiar to the ear and eye and tongue at this stage of school-life. It thus becomes an aid to the regular work of the school instead of a burden upon it.

NATURE STUDY.

If this had been the only opportunity of the author to picture the wonderful phases and nice adjustments of creature-life, the temptation to communicate knowledge had been greater. The first draft of the earlier lessons did indeed contain more in this line than it has been thought wise to retain. Books prepared for pupils of six are apt to find their chief use among children of eight or nine, and to contain devices to interest which mar their adaptation to those older minds, leaving the lower field unprovided for.

A glimmer of interest is not to be mistaken for a permanent light. It seemed better at this early stage to bring to expression such powers and traits as might lead children to express what they themselves know. The title of the book seemed to require a purely sympathetic treatment on the social side. If the book brings living creatures, and not mere descriptions of them, into the school-room, the points noted will prove a fitting introduction to an easy treatment of structure in "All Sorts of Creatures," now in preparation. A little book on Birds will also be adapted to the Third Reader grade.

The best use of the book for Nature Work will be made by teachers who, catching its free spirit, use it as a nucleus for the accretions which unconscious research has previously brought to children concerning animals, the larger number of which are familiar.

WORD STUDY.

Live Playthings.

birth′ day
to geth′ er
sol′ diers
creat′ ures
e nough′
stuffed

Choosing the Pets.

choos′ ing
hur rah′
grown- up
hen′- coop
chick′ ens
a live′

A Fine Family.

whose
scam′ per
oth′ ers
fam′ i ly
swal′ low
cack′ le
dain′ ty
scratch′ es
earth

Strange Babies.

naugh′ ty
mis′ tress
a shamed′
se′ cret
wad′ dle
duck′ lings
min′ ute
won′ der
grass′- hop pers

A Wire House.

clos′ et
cel′ lar
leave
eat′ en
peo′ ple
gnaw
ea′ si ly
no′ bod y
piece

My Kitten.

choice
wash
eight
them selves
clean
comb
tongue
proud
brush

A Later Visit.

beau′ ty
rough
pret′ ti er
sponge
frol ic
reach
prin′ cess
learn′ ing

Paws and Claws.

scratch
scold′ ed
drawn
stairs
vel′ vet
al′ most
hurts
claws

Jamie's Happy Family.

cru′ el
sleek
hun′ gry
cor′ ner
hap′ pened
ev′ er y thing
pie′- crust
busi′ ness

Baby and Pug.

Dor′ o thy
blan′ ket
stran′ ger
be cause′
a fraid′
col′ lar
talk
walk

Good Training.

worth
pricked
an′ swer
brought
er′ rands
re wards′
heard
wagged

Trudie's Patient.

pa′ tient
fight′ ing
band′ age
smiled
hand′ ker chief
re mem′ bered
washed
heart

Queer Pets.

trough
sound
queer
snuffed
clum′ sy
sis′ ters
pic′ ture
greed′ y
ground
grunt
snout
move

Good Friends.

friends
breaths
har′ ness
a′ corns
through
car′ riage
beech′ nuts
whin′ nied
whis′ tle
bridle
combs
talked

Bay-Charley.

an′ i mals
ex cused′
fol′ lowed
health′ y
guests
coax
shoul′ der
or′ chard
gen′ tle man
sat′ in
hal′ ter
sug′ ar

The Mail-Carrier's Pet.

mail
post
dumb
car′ ri er
rail′- road
perch
sta′ tion
vil′ lage
pock′ et
scat′ ter
dis′ tance
hand′ ful

Live Dolls.

Paul ine′
twi′ light
nur′ ser y
sec′ ond
doz′ ens
guessed
clothes
col′ ored

Kitty's Friend Toad.

leaves
tried
sau′ cer
smooth
par′ lor
eyes
screamed
for gets′

Another Odd Pet.

al′ li ga tor
Flor′ i da
thought
al′ ways
swamps
weath′ er
beef′- steak
dar′ ling

Jessie's Little Lamb.

Christ′ mas
what ev′ er
lamb
leave
scream
fin′ gers
pas′ ture
a cross′

Nanny and Billy.

moun′ tains
be longed′
knocks
coarse
be have′
brush′ es
beard
taught

Riding Calf-back.

health′ y
sur prised
hand′ ful
driv′ en
doc′ tor
can′ dy
calves
cat′ tle
choice
kneel
tim′ id
stir

The Friendly Cow.

ought
heav′ y
ear′ ly
leath′ er
coun′ try
driv′ ing
but′ tons
pleas′ ant
farm′ er
glue
soak
bon′ y

In the Pasture.

gath′ ers
road′ side
per haps′
bunch
stall
chew
troub′ le
brought
own′ er
quarts
qui′ et
whisks

Oxen as Pets.

ox′ en
an′ gry
guides
team
prods
wear
i′ ron
of′ ten
shaft
be tween′
stub′ born
ill used′

A Montana Pet.

fel′ low
curled
bear
branch
bread
Bru′ in
be side′
earn

A Donkey Study.

don′ key
noth′ ing
broth′ er
stopped
mount
punch
mid′ dle
um brel′ la

The Story of Bronk.

Span′ ish
pan′ nier
ser′ vant
wom′ an
Bronk
route
hus′ band
meas′ ure
per′ fec tly
neigh′ bor
mem′ o ry
cus′ tom er

Tame Rabbits.

straight
safe
cab′ bage
weap′ ons
bur′ rows
in side′
de fend′
cot′ ton
dan′ ger
fight
plen′ ty
car′ rot

Josie and his Pigeon.

pig′ eon
build′ ers
squab
fowls
trimmed
mourn′ ful
feath′ ers
beau′ ti ful

A Four-Handed Pet.

pea′ nut
nick′ el
o′ pened
door′ step
pouch′ es
fin′ gers
or′ gan
Jock′ o
cheeks
mon′ ey
sto′ ries
mis′ chief

Ned's Elevator Ride.

ho tel′
a jar′
el′ e va tor
sky′ light
stopped
sec′ ond
mo′ ment
fright

A Talking Pet.

or′ ders
wretch
touch′ ing
cof′ fee
hand′ some
po lite′
lan′ guage
speech

The Pets of a Great City.

jour′ ney
spar′ rows
com′ mon
a′ vi a ry
del′ i cate
net′ ting
frames
pricked
scores
tim′ ber
finch′ es
shrubs

The Best Pet of All.

be long′
ex pect′
ti′ dy
doubt
pow′ ers
knife
wrong
course

Real Kindness.

kind′ ness
kitch′ en
du′ ties
per′ sons
shel′ ter
cru′ el
neg lect′
ex plain′
Row′ dy
care′ less ly
Ne bras′ ka
ill treat′

PETS AND COMPANIONS.

LIVE PLAYTHINGS.

"This is my birthday, Uncle John, I am five years old today."

"Is that so? You must have a birthday present. What would you like?"

"I'd like something that is alive this time."

"Don't you play the tin soldiers are alive?"

"Yes, but I'd like a truly live thing."

"Are you sure? What would you do with a live thing?"

"Why, we could play together."

"A living thing needs care. Are you sure you would be good to it? If you forgot it, it would die."

"I know that. I will not forget it."

"Well, what shall the pet be? How would a colt do?"

"I'm not big enough to have a colt yet, am I?

"What do you think I could have?"

"We'll see. You might ask mamma."

CHOOSING THE PETS.

"I am to have a present from Uncle John, mamma, and it is to be alive."

"Why! Why! What will the stuffed creatures say to that? Have you told the stuffed cat, and the soldiers?"

"I shall play with them, but I want real things now. I am old enough to have them. What shall I have? Uncle told me to ask you."

"How would some chickens do?"

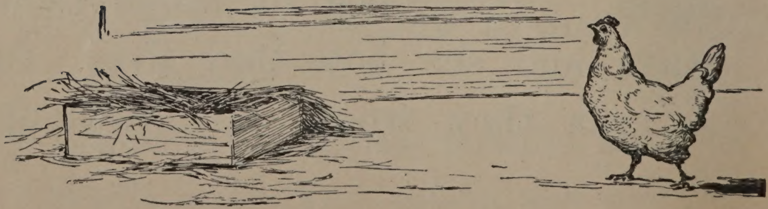
"I'd like them, but they don't play, do they?"

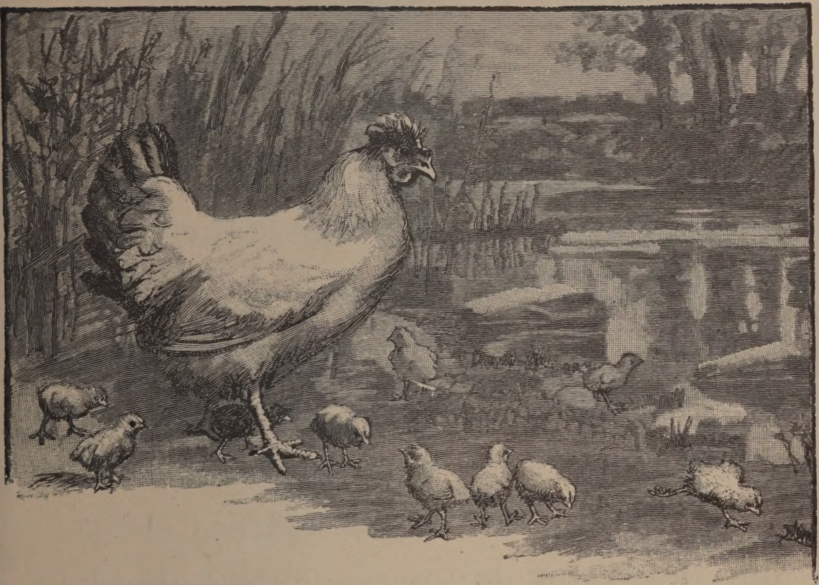
"You could feed them and care for them. It is nice to watch their ways and see how they live. In a year they would be grown-up hens."

"Next winter they would lay eggs for you. You would like that. Bessie can have some and you can take care of them together."

"We've asked Uncle John and it is all right."

"He is going to get a hen and some eggs this very day. We shall have chickens in three weeks! Hurrah! Uncle and I are going to make a hen-coop down by the barn."





A FINE FAMILY.

Whose chickens are these, do you suppose?

They are Bessie's and little Ned's.

Is it not a fine family? Count them.

How many chickens has each child?

One is black. The others have yellow, downy coats.

Their mother is taking them out for a walk.

The hen is a good mother, and the chickens are safe with her.

When they are cold she takes them under her wings.

If they go too far she calls them back.

Do you know how she does it? She does not cackle. She does that when she has laid an egg.

She does not lay eggs now, she has chickens to care for.

Ned and Bessie are fond of their pets.

Bessie takes them in her hands and in her lap. They eat out of the children's hands.

The hen gets bugs and worms for the chickens. She knows what they like.

The worms and bugs live in the soft

earth. "Mother Biddy" scratches for them.

See her strong feet and claws!

When she finds a worm or a bug, she makes a little call. It sounds like "Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!" Then the chicks scamper to her.

If she has a long worm she cuts it in bits. Bessie cuts meat in bits for them too.

Hens and chickens do not have teeth. They cut or tear with their bills.

Did you ever watch a hen as she eats and drinks? She lifts up her head to swallow. It looks queer!

Do you know what a dainty step she has?

You must watch hens. They have ever so many bright ways.

STRANGE BABIES.

You naughty chickens! Come out of the water! Don't you know you will drown in that deep pond?

Come under my wings and get dry!

I will get some bugs and grasshoppers for you.

Poor mother hen! Her children do not mind her.

How queer it is! she says to herself.

They can really swim! I could not do that myself.

It would look pretty if it were not so odd.

They do not look like other chickens at all.

They have big, yellow mouths, and their toes are so queer.

When I call "Cluck, cluck" to them, they say "Quack!"

They are mine, for I saw them come out of their eggs. And I have never lost sight of them for a minute.

They must be chickens. What else could they be?

I am ashamed of them. They act as if they liked the water.

I wonder if they will come back to the nest.

Shall I tell you the secret?

Mistress Biddy's chickens got too big to need her care. She began to lay eggs again.

Every day the children found a new egg in her nest.

Soon she wanted to sit on them. Uncle John filled the nest with duck's eggs. Of course they hatched out ducks.

Biddy loved the ducklings and was good to them. She could not understand them at all.

Ducks are pretty, and the children liked to watch them waddle about, or swim in the pond.

But they were never tame like the chickens. Uncle John called them *his* "live playthings."

TOPICS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR NATURE STUDY.

(*For Teacher's Use.*)

A STUDY ABOUT LIFE.

Look at the tent in the picture. Is it a real tent? (How it differs.) The drum, cannon, sword, — compare them with real ones. (Call out thought by *suppositions*, *questions*, etc.)

What of the soldiers? If they were made larger, finer, better? Is the real horse only a larger, finer *made* horse?

No, not at all. Real soldiers differ in being alive!

In play we *pretend* that the tent, sword, drum, etc., are real, and that the soldiers and horses are alive.

When the playtime is over what becomes of the life of these soldiers and horses? Some children keep up the play. They leave their dolls in bed, their animals in stables.

While the play goes on we think, talk, eat, and act for our pretended living beings. So they think and do exactly as we wish, even when we pretend to have trouble making them obey.

Living things are different — how? Do Ned's chickens always think and do as he expects? Talk about it.

What if he puts them away for a few days? What if he decides to keep them always little chickens? (One of two things will happen: they change by growing, or else die.)

Things that are alive have *minds and ways of their own.* This was why Ned wanted them. Making *them* do as he wished would be new pleasure.

How odd to think of their having as real a life as his own, and to be trusted to care for it as his mother did for his!

He would be sorry to break a plaything; to let a living thing die would be a very different thing. Ned was right, there is doing-together — *companionship*-with living creatures.

THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

Eggs were bought instead of chickens. The eggs were like seeds with a germ of life asleep in each. All the three weeks the little chicks were forming in the egg, with food to help their growth. One day they began to peck at their shells. As soon as they got plenty of air they woke and began to stretch. The shells broke and fell away from them. No one could put them into a shell again!

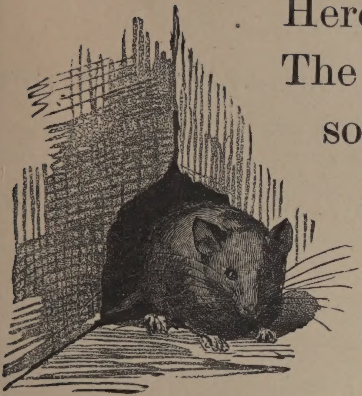
How the mother hen loved them. What she did for them. What they needed more than she could do. The children's part. Incidents in the lives of the chickens:

What they know? They run to their mother. She shelters, protects, comforts them. In the picture they are taking their walk — it may be the first one. How they enjoy the bright sunshine!

Compare this mother and her children.

Look at their bills. The horny lips come together and make a bill. It serves for lips and teeth. Let a child pull a tress of hair over her ears. See if she can hear. The hen's ears are under the feathers. See a letter at the end of the book for more about Ned's and Bessie's family.

A WIRE HOUSE.



Here I am in the closet.

The cat is in the cellar, so I am quite safe.

I can trust my good ears.

I should know if any one was moving in the house.

What is it that I smell? It must be cheese.

I see it now in that wire box.

The people have left it for me. They leave something around every day.

I cannot reach the cheese with my paw, and it is too large to take out.

I must get into the box for it.

There are two ways to get in where the cheese is.

I will go in at the top and come out at the side.

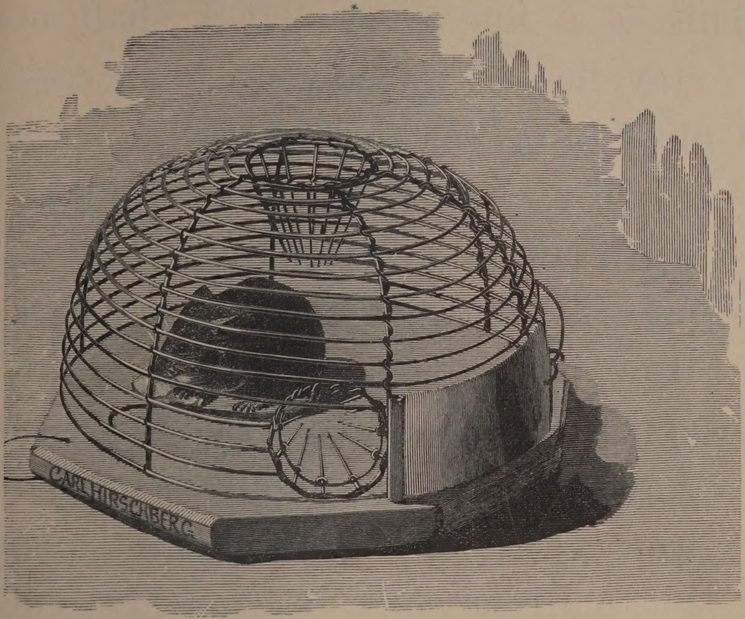
That is what the two places must be for.

I can stay in there as long as I like.

A cat could not get in, so it must be a safe place for me.

I will play I am a pet for the children.

Their bird lives in a wire house all the time.



He sings as if he felt happy.

This is fine! I hope they will leave cheese here every day.

I wonder what the other mice would say!

I will eat all this cheese myself. It is not a large piece.

I need not give away any this time.

This is a fine cage, but I shall not stay here very long.

I must run about and be free.

As soon as I have eaten the cheese I will go back to my nest.

Why, this side door is too small. How it pricks me!

I got in easily, but I can never get out. My teeth are all I have to work with. I could gnaw away the hardest wood, but nobody could gnaw this wire. I shall have to stay.

I hope the children will be good to me.

I am as pretty as their bird, and as nice in my ways, only I cannot sing.

Oh! dear! I wish I had not come in.

I hope the people will be good to me.

I will go to sleep now. I may find a way out when I wake up.

MY KITTEN.

Come and see the kittens!

There are five, and I am to have my choice.

They are eight days old and their eyes are not open yet. They will open them in two more days.

Queen is so proud of her five babies! Isn't she a pretty cat? I hope my kitty will look like her. Queen has nice ways, too. She keeps her fur clean and smooth.

Cats wash themselves every day. Didn't you ever see them wash with their tongues? They do not like water. They wash their kittens, too, while they are little.

Here comes Queen back again. Your babies are all safe, Queenie.

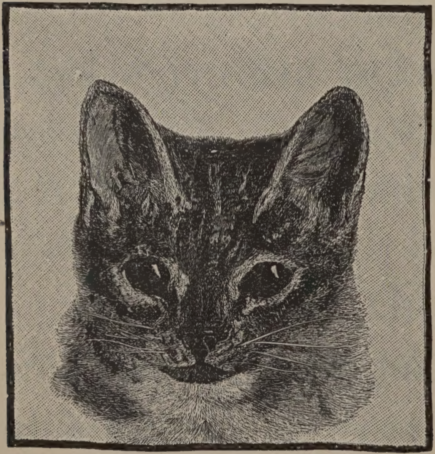
A LATER VISIT.

See how my kitten has grown!

Oh, what a beauty! She is prettier than her mother!

Where are the other four?

Given away, one at a time, so Queen wouldn't miss them.



We found a nice home for every one.

Wait a little and see them play together. They roll and tumble and jump and spring.

I call my kitten Frolic, she is so frisky.

Her real name is Princess May.

She can lap milk. See if she will lick your hand.

Ugh! Isn't her tongue rough? Show your pretty pink tongue, kitty!

It has to be rough, doesn't it, Frolic? It is your comb and brush.

Look at Queen now, she is washing her face. She cannot reach it with her tongue, so she uses her paw. See her wet the edge of her paw. She uses it for a sponge.

Oh, you cute kitty, that will do; now wash your paw.

Frolic is lapping milk. Watch her! She is just learning to lap. Papa says a cat makes a spoon of her tongue when she laps. See how it curls up at the edge.

I can make mine do it, but I could not lap so fast.

PAWS AND CLAWS.

"Look out, Fred! Don't let the kitten scratch the baby!"

"He won't. His paws are as soft as velvet. I don't think the claws have grown yet."

"Oh, yes they have. They are all drawn back now. I can make them come out."

"There! What do you think? Couldn't she scratch? She does not know that it hurts."

"Queen does not scratch baby. She knows better. Isn't it nice that the claws can be kept back? See the soft pads under them."

"Kitty's teeth are sharp, and she likes to use them. Cats need sharp teeth and claws."

"My kitty will not need to catch mice with hers. We shall give her all the food she wants."

"Oh, but cats like to catch mice. Did you see how long Queen watched in the closet?"

"I saw her watch a bird, the naughty cat. I scolded her well."

"She ran up the tree almost to the top."

"She knows what paws and claws are good for."

"When she wants to come upstairs she rings the door bell. She has found a place where she can pull the wire."

I cannot tell what happened to our little mouse in the wire trap. I am sure no one was cruel to him.

But a boy named Jamie had six mice of his own.

The way of it was this:

In Jamie's closet was a pile of nuts.

They were put there to dry and ripen.

Jamie used to hear the nuts roll and rattle at night.

His mamma told him there must be mice in the closet.

They put Pussy in, but she did not catch them.

So a trap was set, and a silly mouse ran into it.

It was a sleek, pretty, gray mouse. It looked up at Jamie with its bright black eyes.

The little thing was hungry, and he gave it some cheese.

He begged to keep the mouse and take care of it.

The trap was a box with a wire door.

Some bits of paper and cloth were given Mousie for a nest in one corner of it.

Jamie kept the box in his room.

The last thing he did at night and the

first thing in the morning was to feed that mouse.

He gave it cheese, and pie-crust, and everything mice like.

What do you think happened?

Jamie did not know what to think or to say.

One morning he found five little baby mice in the box!

The mother had hid them under bits of paper in her nest. When they could run about, Jamie saw them.

Oh, what joy for Jamie!

He had a whole family to care for.

They grew and grew till the cage was too snug for them.

He could let the mother-mouse run about the room sometimes. Love for her little ones kept her from running away.

Jamie wondered what he should do for them next.

One day Jamie's mamma heard a great noise in his room.

She went in and found the box on the floor and the door open. The mice were scampering away.

All but one that was in Pussy's mouth.

Poor Jamie! He had lost his pets.

And poor mamma! She had mice enough in the house before.

What about Pussy?

Well, we all know that cats are fond of mouse-meat.

They think it is their business to catch rats and mice. Their mothers teach them how.

THE MOUSE.

Show a mouse in a cage or trap, or failing that, a dead one. What a little thing to have known and done so much!

Study the ears, putting hands against the head to show how they are placed (*high*, to gather sound from all directions). Make the shape with a corner of a handkerchief. What pockets they are for catching sound! We put up our hands (show how) to catch sound from afar. She does not need to.

Who likes to grope about in the dark? Mice have to do so. Show how like playing blind man's buff it is. But mice cannot spare their forepaws. (The whiskers are better.)

If there is but a little light they make the most of it with their keen eyes.

Many of the mice-streets are inside the walls of houses; and they go in all directions, — up, down, across, with many turns. Feel the claws and see how sharp they have been made for clinging. Sometimes a great jump must be made — down or up. (Jump and see where the pull comes.) The mouse is made for it. (Trace her thighs and hind legs like a letter Z, how long they are when she straightens them.) Even in running she springs.

See the tiny teeth. They are not used for eating only, but for making doorways for herself. Examples of her gnawing holes. Tell stories of perseverance in mice.

And now her coat. Feel its softness. Stroke it every way. Part of her life is under ground. Study its color (mouse color). What does she do with her tail? Very many things, no doubt.

THE CAT AND KITTEN.

The problem of this lesson grows out of the abundance of the knowledge. None of the foregoing creatures showed much recognition of the interest of others in them. The cat is friendly. She knows who are her friends. (Different ways with different people.)

The kitten loves to play. Mice play together. We hear them scurrying around. The cat plays with people. She repeats a play when she has learned it (hide and seek, races).

What she has been petted and praised for doing she does again expecting praise. What of her sense of having been punished for a thing — does she know the right or wrong, or only the punishment?

A good mouser prefers to get her own food. What does her appetite require? How the mouse is given a good chance of life, and also the cat quick powers for life of another kind. Is she really cruel?

How the cat is helped to tread softly, — to climb. Use of her whiskers. Her eyes in bright light, — in twilight.

How to coax a cat to play. (The power of a moving ball; she watches, springs.) Does she not know it is not a mouse? Yes. She likes to pretend.

How soft and smooth she is! how graceful! How she sleeps — anywhere, any time. Her soft purr. Her ways of showing pleasure, — fear, — dislike, as of a dog, — arched back, full tail striking and waving; green, glaring eyes. Her angry ways with teeth and claws. Her angry voice.

TWO FRIENDS.

BABY AND PUG.

I am Judy, and this is my little mistress, Dorothy. Isn't she pretty and nice?

We are the same age, but I can do more things than she can. Dottie cannot walk far and cannot talk much. I can talk the way dogs talk.

Strangers do not like me very well. I always bark at them. I do not mean any harm. I am trying to tell them who I am.

I run away sometimes. Then all the family call "Judy! Judy! Judy! Where are you, Judy? Come back this minute!"

They are afraid I will get lost. I never go so far but what I can find my way home.

My collar, too, tells the name of my master, and where I live.

It is fun to hear Dottie scold when I get back. She knows she is my mistress.

When it is cold I wear a blanket. You see my hair is not very thick and warm.

The boys call me Snub because I have a short nose. All the dogs I know are large kinds. Boys seem to like them better. But my little mistress loves me, and I love her and her mamma.

We go out to ride every fine day. I sit on the seat with my mistress. I am proud to be by her side and take care of her.

GOOD TRAINING.

"What is a dog good for? I never saw one that was worth anything."

I heard a man say that to my master the other day.

I pricked up my ears. I wanted to hear what he would answer. He did not say a word, and I had hard work not to growl.

Pretty soon he called, "Nero, go to the barn and get my hoe."

I went and brought it in my mouth. My master gave me a little nod of thanks. I nodded back and wagged my tail.

"This one minds well, doesn't he? If you had said spade would he have got that?" the man asked.

"Yes, Nero is as good as a boy to do errands."

"Now take the basket and go to market," said my master.

I went for the basket and came back. He pins a paper to my collar to tell what I am to buy.

"Nero can do everything but talk."

He did not mean quite everything.

A cross bulldog meets me when I come from market.

He knows I have meat in the basket. If I drop the basket he will get the meat. So I have to act as if I were afraid. I would like to show him I am not.

He has not had a good master, but he *knows* better than to steal.

There are all kinds of dogs and all kinds of masters.

My master speaks sharply, but he is not cross. I watch him to know what he wants.

When I do hard things he rewards me with something good. We love each other.

What was the matter with Ponto? The poor dog knew, but could not tell.

He had a bad cut in his ear and had been hurt in other ways.

He held still while Trudie's mamma washed the cut.

"I hope you have not been fighting, Ponto," she said.

The boys answered for him: "Ponto would not begin a fight."

Trudie loved Ponto very dearly.

She tried hard to think of something to do for him.

"You ought to take the air, Ponto," she said. "I'll take you out to walk."

Ponto's tail wagged and he looked brighter.

"But you must not take cold. I will put a bandage on your head."

She got a soft handkerchief and tried to put it around Ponto's head.

Ponto winked hard. It hurt him.

"If I tie it on it hurts you," she said. "If I don't it will fall off."

She ran upstairs and got a big night-cap of her grandmamma's.

"There, good dog," she said, "this can't hurt and can't fall off."

Trudie led Ponto up and down the yard.

How the passers-by smiled to see the funny sight!

They remembered it when Trudie had grown up. What do you think she did?

She learned to take care of the sick. Her kind heart made her very useful.

She does not forget the first bandage she ever tried to put on.

THE DOG.

JUDY speaks for herself. She looks as if she liked to. Dogs are apt to be talkative. Judy barks when she is — ? (pleased, startled, excited, angry, anxious.) Children give instances in single-sentence stories.

What kind of a bark? (Place the thumb and finger at the sides of your throats and bark like Judy.)

The other pets are happy if their needs are met. Judy wants attention. She would get lonely. She has been taught to expect it. Which of the pets thus far is most like a person? How does she show this?

By what do we know a pug? Describe the ears, the muzzle, the size and shape. Why do pugs sometimes wear blankets?

Is NERO the same kind of spoiled child? No, but he likes attention and companionship. He is more like a great-hearted, manly boy. Tell how. Tell how he shows affection. Place the two hands against the waist and show how Nero barks. Motions of the tail. — What it says and means.

A dog's love of service; a Newfoundland dog's love for play. His shaggy coat, his fondness for the water. How it is often put to use. Picture a case of rescue from drowning from the dog's standpoint — from the owner's standpoint. His trustworthiness. His rough play. How he shows when he is warm or tired (panting, lolling the tongue). Kindness shown by giving a dog water.

A dog's appetites and needs. His ways of storing food.

Compare with Judy in size, shape, habits. How does the bulldog differ? Which is he most like? (The pug and bulldog belong to the mastiff group of dogs, and the Newfoundland to the spaniel.) The pictures show points of agreement and difference.

Trudie, the third dog, is a kind of hound. They are fond of hunting and need a great deal of exercise. They are restless without it.

It may be useful to give hints about the training of pet dogs. Patience, steadfastness, good temper, firmness, memory, perseverance, sympathy are all brought into use. (These should be pictured rather than named, and the pupils encouraged to express them in the form of rules or directions, thus, "If we wish to have a dog do a thing over that he has done, we must remember always to tell him the same way.")

Interesting language work is possible here in relating incidents of dogs personally familiar. Call for accuracy in statement, and if possible identify the breed of dog.

Emphasize in passing the intelligence and capacity for education of the dog above those of other animals thus far considered.

The service of the watchdog. Results of bad training or neglect shown in what we call bad dogs. Danger from strange dogs. How a dog runs after any one who runs from him.

QUEER PETS.

Curly-Tail and Pink were two pretty pigs.

You don't think pigs are pretty?

These girls did.

They never had a pet before. They were fond of the little white pigs.

The girls were sisters. So were the pigs, grandpa said.

The girls were away from their mother. The pigs were, too.

The pigs were always hungry. The girls felt so very often.

The little pigs would lie down in the mud. But they liked to be washed. Then their pink skin was pretty again.

The girls liked to see the pigs fed. They had soft food in a trough.

What happy little grunts the pigs gave!

They put their noses into the trough. The food came almost up to their eyes. It sounded as if the pigs snuffed up the food.

Edith was ashamed of her pets. "What makes you give them soup?" she asked. "They like it," said Grandpa Mason. "It makes them grow."

Sometimes Pink would get into the trough. He did not mind being scolded. He went on grunting.

The pigs were very playful. They learned little tricks.

A pig's round nose is called a snout. They root in the ground with the snout.

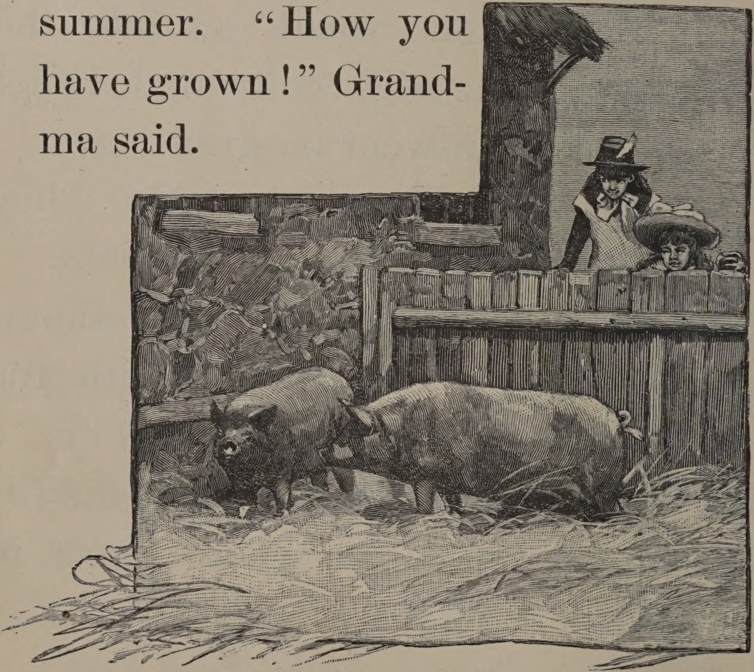
They can turn the flesh of it. It looks queer to see them move it, just like a lip.

When summer ended the girls went home. They did not forget their pets.

"How are the pigs?" they asked when Grandpa Mason came to see them.

"They are well and growing," he would say.

The girls went to the farm the next summer. "How you have grown!" Grandma said.



"So have the pigs," said Grandpa. "Go out and see them."

Here they are in the picture — the pigs and the children.

"Oh, dear!" cried Edith. "They are not pigs any more. They are great hogs! What clumsy things!"

"What made them grow so?" asked Madge.

"I suppose they were greedy," Grandpa answered slyly.

"We mustn't ever be greedy, must we?" said Edith.

"We let them eat all they will. We want them to get fat.

"They do not run about now. They live in this pen.

"Some people eat and do not work. We say they are as lazy as pigs."

At Christmas-time Grandpa sent the girls' father a ham, some pork, and some lard. He sent two pig's feet for the little girls to eat.

THE PIG.

This includes the pig, the hog, the boar.

Pigs are for the most part killed as soon as they get their growth, which is in a single year. In the great forests of Germany, England, and Russia the boar is a wild creature and is hunted. In such cases the family live in the forest as bears do. Children who live in the great West, or who have travelled there, will think of the immense numbers of hogs seen on the great plains. The domestic pig has other qualities and traits. Contradict the impression that pigs do not like to be clean. Like some children they do not stop to think about it. These pigs, of course, had a nice sty with clean straw for a bed.

What does the pig show? (A new kind of covering and a new kind of feet.) This makes occasion for studies of feathers, fur, and bristles. (Show the value of feathers for the air, fur for life on and under the ground.)

Bristles go with a thick skin and a warm coat of fat underneath it.

Our use of fur for warm clothing and feather tippets speaks for the comfort of the creatures that wear it, and our use of bristles for brushes shows the adaptation of the most easily cleansed substance to an animal whose habits are often untidy. The fat of the pig keeps it warm.

Make a study of the feet of the creatures we have considered. Draw an outline of a person's foot or shoe. Inside it draw the foot of a hen with toes outspread. How large it is! Inside another such outline draw the print of a pig's foot. How small it is! Note the hen's long toes. Hold the tips of fingers together closely to show how the pig's toes are placed. Think of the nails lapping and growing together to make hoofs. The pig has no need of free fingers. His feet have all they can do to hold his growing body. They need not be large, since he has four, placed like the legs of chairs and tables.

The movable snout is a distinctive feature, and the very small, often curly, tail.

This lesson suggests the value of refinement. No one enjoys greediness, laziness, clumsiness, coarseness. We dislike in animals what is faulty in persons.

The nice, funny, little pig sniffing about, running to us whenever we have food to give it, tumbling into the trough, and sturdily happy in spite of mud and mire, will not stay one long. If people practice the acts they will acquire the habits by so gradual a process as not to feel it themselves.

(These truths are not intended for a preachment, but as one by one they are touched upon the salutary impression will grow.)

The usefulness of the pig products is debatable ground. The fact of the widespread use and the reasons for it may be safely entered upon.

Leave the impression of interest in life in any of its expressions. These little girls were delicate and refined. They saw what was nice in the pigs. (The idealizing instinct that puts life into dolls supplied to the pig what it lacked.)

GOOD FRIENDS!

This horse and I are the best of friends.

I come here every day to dine with him. He lets me eat out of his box.

I do not eat hay, but I like oats.

I will bring him acorns and beechnuts when they are ripe.

I can tuck them away in my cheeks.

I wonder if he likes to wear a bridle.

He has the biggest mouth I ever saw, and such strong teeth.

What great breaths he takes through those holes in his nose!

His eyes are big, too, but they are kind. I am not a bit afraid of him.

One day he made such a loud sound. The boy said he whinnied.

We both have good ears. His are larger, but mine hear quicker.

I wonder if he thinks I am nice.

My tail is pretty if I do say it.

The boy combs the horse's tail and mane. My tail does not need it.

How would I look with a mane? I should not like hair over my eyes.

A horse cannot hold his tail over his back as I do mine.

What would you think, old fellow, to see me run up a tree?

I look down and see you drawing the carriage and all the people.

You look so very proud, I think you like it. I see you turn your ears to hear what they are saying!

Well, you are so large I suppose you like to work.

I like to be free. I am what they call a wild creature.

What would you do if you were out in a large pasture?

I have seen horses roll over and over.

I think they like play as well as squirrels do.

You look very sober. Do you ever play? I wonder how old you are.

Here comes the boy to take you out

and harness you. I hear him whistle.

Do they tell you where you are to go? How many miles will you go?

I may go just as far. I go as I please on treetops and on the walls.

You should see me swing and jump!

I have the best claws in the world, and I never get dizzy.

If you do not mind I will take a few oats away with me in my cheeks.

I like to save some of everything I have. I may need it in winter.

Do you like winter? I don't.

Good-bye! I have talked all the time. Next time I will listen and hear you talk.

But don't whinney, please, when I am so very close.

BAY-CHARLEY.

Grandpa West is a kind old man and fond of animals. Do you think he is too old to have a pet?

All his animals are pets, but he is fondest of his horse.

He combs his mane and tail, and brushes his hair till it looks like satin. He rubs his joints to keep them strong and healthy. He is very proud of him.

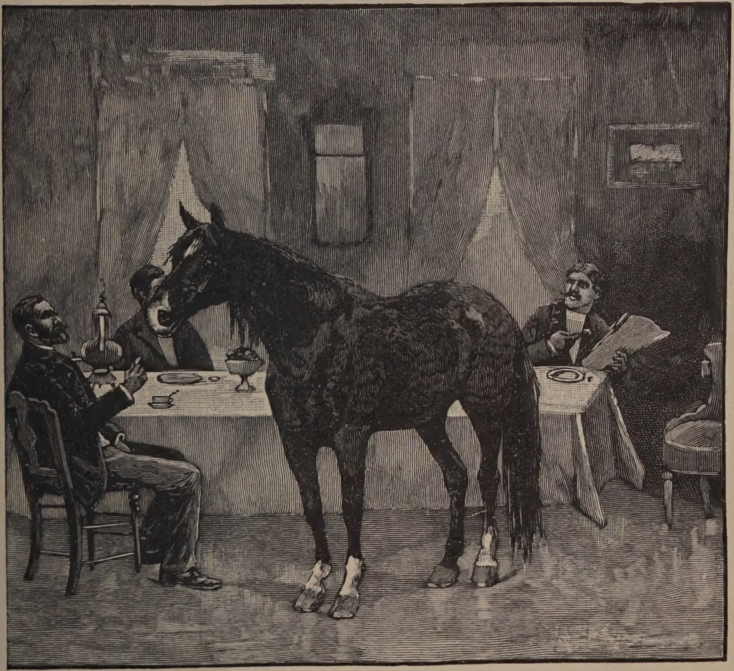
Charley pricks up his ears, and rubs his nose on his master's shoulder.

He whinnies to him. Grandpa West calls it "talking together."

One day Mr. West had a small dinner-party at his house.

He told the gentlemen one or two stories about Bay-Charley.

"I should like to see that horse of yours," said one of the guests.



"You shall, sir," said Mr. West.

When dinner was over, he asked to be excused, and left the table.

The picture tells what he did.

Bay-Charley was in the orchard near the house.

He had no bridle or halter on, and his master used no corn or oats to coax him.

The good horse came at his master's call. He followed him up the steps and into the house.

His master led the way and he followed around the table.

Each gentleman gave him a lump of sugar or something nice to eat.

The horse showed that he was pleased and proud of himself. Can you think how?

Then he went out and down the steps back to the orchard.

This is only one of the many things this wise creature does.

THE MAIL-CARRIER'S PETS.

This man is a mail-carrier.
He lives in the state of Maine.
His business is to take the mail every day from the railroad station to the post-office.

The village is across the river from the station.

The mail-carrier crosses in a boat and walks a long distance on the bank.

He is very fond of dumb animals.

One day he saw a little squirrel running beside his way.

It had seen him many times, and had learned to trust him.

The next day he saw it again. It came nearer.

He had a handful of corn in his pocket this time.

He scattered it along as he went.

The squirrel was shy at first, but he looked back and saw it pick up the corn.

Each day the kind man scattered corn. He began to talk to the squirrel in a kind voice. Bunny came a little nearer every time, until she was so tame she would run up and perch on his shoulder.

Then he would stop and hold open his pocket. She would jump in and eat the corn there.

She had a nest near by in a hollow tree with three pretty baby squirrels.

After a while she took them to meet her kind friend, the mail-carrier.

He fed them all for many weeks, then another man took his place as mail-carrier.

He missed his daily visit with the squirrels, and I think they must have missed their kind friend.

THE HORSE.

Ned was not old enough to have a pony. The horse is a better pet or companion for a man than for a child.

Yet even little children love and pet their father's horse. What they are allowed to do sometimes. How early some of them learn to ride horseback or drive.

Let us see what makes a creature a pet: First, we must be interested in its ways. And second, it must do or *seem to do* things out of interest in us. Does the horse answer to both these? and how? Illustrate with examples.

Horses manifest many traits as strongly as persons.

(In so familiar a subject it is better to go little beyond the facts which can be elicited from the children. But since the power to bring to remembrance is not yet trained, the teacher must be ready to open lines of suggestion.)

The treatment and teaching of family horses affords a wealth of material. Their playful ways, their knowing ways, some vicious ways. It may be proper to remind the teacher that kindness to animals is much more surely promoted by exciting interest in their ways and feelings than by direct moral talk.

The mental characteristics shown by the trained horse make most valuable topics for conversational lessons. The qualities talked of as pride, high spirit, ambition, enthusiasm, perseverance, obedience, affection, and others, are for some reason much better for direct instruction than the same in human beings. At this grade only the simplest exercises are appropriate, and these in concrete instances.

THE SQUIRREL.

Speak of the ways of squirrels near a home. How they are made and kept tame. Their nests and storehouses. Their almost sure weather foresight. The playful, loving squirrel is apt to grow sulky and vicious when old. The squirrel babies are very helpless, and both the father and mother care for them.

The case of animals petting other animals is not unusual, and is always of interest. Keep a record of examples given.

Suppose Bunny were as large as a horse, how big would the ears — eyes — tail be? Or again, think of a horse of the size of a squirrel. What could it do? How get its food?

Or, suppose the squirrel had the horse's foot, all whose powers had been sacrificed for a strong, hard, round hoof.

These things could not be. Nature is not an accidental patchwork of powers and instruments. What the life within requires the outward body presents. The soul makes its body. It is not too early to impress this foundation truth of nature.

Squirrel life requires and has an agile frame and quick action. We cannot call the squirrel a domestic animal in the sense of the horse, cat, or dog. Each new subject is won a little way by care and patient kindness. Really domestic animals have a trained ancestry.

Study the haunches of a squirrel to account for its long leaps. Will a creature that can get out of harm's way so easily take the trouble to fight? If you were a squirrel what would you do? Squirrel colors, — brown or gray, — hard to see against a tree trunk. Bunny has help in hiding.

PAULINE'S STRANGE PETS.

LIVE DOLLS.

Pauline is an only child.

She lives in the far West.

There are no playmates near, so she makes friends of the animals.

You should hear her talk to them! It sounds as if she heard them answer.

She has a pen in the garden with a low slab-fence.

She calls it the Nursery. On one side there are tiny houses.

"Come and visit me in my Nursery, papa," she said one day. "I have something to show you."

What do you think he saw there?

Toads! Toads of all sorts and sizes!

Baby toads and grown up toads. Little and big toads. Dozens of them.

Pauline had caught and tamed them. She called them her live dolls.

Some of them hopped into her lap and ate out of her hand.

But that was not the queerest thing.

She had made clothes for them. They hopped about in red and blue dresses and white or colored caps.

One queer old toad had overalls on.

She called him the farmer.

When she could trust them she took them out into the garden. She had a long stick and made them go as she wished.

Toads eat a great many bugs. They are very useful in a garden.

Pauline hunted for bugs, too. She got all she could for them. So she learned about the ways of bugs.

One day the slab-fence was broken down and the toads were gone.

Pauline was sorry to lose her queer pets. She laughed to think of them out in the big world.

"Won't they get laughed at," she said, "when the wild toads see them with clothes on!"

When toads came hopping about at twilight, Pauline guessed they were her old pets.

She tried to follow them sometimes, but toads are lazy, sleepy creatures. They will stay still half an hour at a time. They have no homes to go to.

But if they see a bug or fly they catch it. It does not take a second for them to dart out their long tongues.

KITTY'S FRIEND TOAD.

A great fat toad and Prim, a white kitten, are very good friends.

Toadie seems to live in the barn shed, where Prim's milk saucer is kept.

When the cows are milked, Prim's big saucer is filled with nice fresh milk. If Fred forgets, Prim tells him so in a very loud "Mee-ow!"

Prim's friend comes and gets into the dish and sits while Prim laps the milk. Prim does not mind at all. He eats all he wants, but leaves some for his friend.

One day when she went to eat her dinner the toad put his foot up to her face and stroked it, just as you would pat and smooth the face of your dear mamma.

Kitty knew what it meant, and liked the toad better for showing his love.

We bring Toadie and the saucer into the parlor sometimes.

He likes it, and winks his big bright eyes to the guests.

He never tried to get out but once. Then he swung his long legs over the dish. He was just going to jump, and the ladies all screamed. I put my hand on him in time. Then how they all laughed!

We do not know where he lives, but we think his home is in the ground under the great chopping-block.

He does not come out at all in winter.

ANOTHER ODD PET

Jack was an alligator. The little girl who owned him was Grace Allen.

When Jack came from Florida he was harmless and helpless. "Who could help loving him?" she asked.

We thought alligators bit people and killed them, — so they do, big, grown-up alligators in the swamps of the South.

But Jack was as toothless as a baby. He was hardly longer than a man's hand. At first he would neither eat nor drink. Grace had to coax and pet him or let him die.

She soon got him to eat bits of beefsteak.

He learned to know her step and come out of his basket. He liked to lie in her warm hand.

He would turn his head and kiss her fingers as sweetly as her dog did.

In hot weather he would stay out of doors. Woe then to a fly that buzzed too near! One dart of Jack's tongue, one snap, and all was over.

When winter came Jack was always cold. One day he was too lifeless to eat. "Darling little Jack," said Grace, with tears in her eyes, "it is too cold for you. You will have to die. We cannot help you."

THE TOAD.

How large do these creatures appear to be? How small a toad has any one seen? Who has ever picked up the tiny ones that may sometimes be found after a rain? The author, when a child, used to catch them in her apron. They were not more than an inch long as they sat, but they would stretch to twice that length. It was amusing to put them on a slate and play with them with a pencil.

These in the picture are a larger kind — the common garden toad. Some of the children will think they *dislike* the toad. Question why. It is ugly-looking, *i.e.* not pretty; it comes out at dusk, when we see it but dimly on account of its dark, dull color; it sits and does not budge unless we touch it; its eyes are wide open, yet it does not act as if it could see; suddenly it springs (it does not appear to care where it is to land, and it may be into your lap); if we touch it it feels cold to our hands and its rough skin does not seem clean. And yet these are not *bad* things, and if we look further we shall find things to interest us.

Stories of toads in prose or verse are common, and may be used to indicate their ways and traits.

Question the toad. — Can you turn your head? Can you look to right and left? Can you hear quickly? Have you sharp teeth?

To us who stand upright it seems a fault to keep so close to the ground. Let some one see how it would seem to sit like the toad. It is toad-fashion, and much better for his work.

He is harmless, and friendly, save to the bugs and insects that are his food. Pauline's father might well have offered her wages for her little subjects if they would work for him in the garden. What made the toads easy to train and dress was that they are apt to be lazy in the daylight, and they liked the warmth of her hand. She fed them, too, the things they liked, and while they were kept in the pen it was all the food they had. While she played with them she cared for their feelings as if they were like her own. Perhaps she

> "Loved all things both great and small ;
> For the same God who loveth us, He made and loveth all."

THE ALLIGATOR.

Here we have a really harmful animal, as we look at things. The alligator flees before civilization, but when he thinks his domain is invaded, he does not hesitate to call anything his prey. And when full grown he is so large that he is truly frightful. (Measure ten or twelve feet on the floor and think what great jaws such a creature might have !) A few days previous to this writing a man drove his horses to water in a stream of southern Florida. Both were bitten so as to fall and drown, and as the driver tried to rescue one an alligator ran up the bank and bit his leg so that he had to call for help. It was shot in spite of its thick coat of mail, and found to measure ten feet.

The ferocious character of the adult gives interest in the tiny one the little girl loved and patted. Alligators are the scavengers of the coast they infest, — and as such are useful.

"HE DID'NT MEAN TO HURT."

JESSIE'S LITTLE LAMB.

Most little girls think they would like a lamb.

Not all of them get their wish.

Jessie begged for one at every birthday and Christmas.

Her father thought she would soon get tired of it.

At last he saw a black one.

He said he got it just for fun.

Most lambs are white. In a flock there may be one black sheep.

Jessie liked it better than a white one.

Its little Baa, Baa! was very cunning.

She used to carry it in her arms. Sometimes she had its fore feet over one shoulder and its hind feet over the other. It looked odd to see it across her back.

It would let her do whatever she pleased with it.

It was born in the autumn, so it was a *little* lamb all winter.

Jessie had a baby sister. Baby and Lambie took naps side by side. It was pretty to see the black head and the white so close.

The baby liked to catch the lamb's wool in its little fingers. Lambie loved her too much to keep away when it hurt.

The lamb did not wish to be alone at all. Jessie sometimes got tired of its Baa! Baa!

When springtime came she got on better. She could leave it out of doors. It would come and bleat when it wanted to come in.

She tried it with every kind of food. It seemed odd that it did not drink more.

Good care made Lambie and Baby grow. Baby learned to walk by holding on to Lambie.

But the lamb learned a bad trick. He liked to push baby over.

He was pleased when she gave a great scream. Then sister and mamma would run to see what was the matter.

"There's a little sheep inside of that lamb," papa said one day. "When it gets bigger it will carry the lamb off to the pasture."

Do you know what he meant?

NANNIE AND BILLY.

The house is only a little larger than a shed. Hugo and Rosa live in it with their father and mother. It has a smaller shed at the back, and in it live Nannie and Billy. Would you like to know where it is?

It is on one of the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. It is a wild-looking place now, but in a few years it will be a fine farm. There are hill-slopes all around, and the sun goes down at night behind high mountains.

Hugo and Rosa are two happy children. Nannie and Billy are two petted goats.

Nannie gives the milk the children drink. Their mother has all she needs also. Sometimes she makes a nice little cheese of it.

Billy has belonged to Hugo since he was a little kid. He is very wise in many ways. When he comes home late at night he knocks on the door like a person. In the daytime he calls with his gruff voice. If Hugo plays tricks on him, he answers back with a trick. If he does not like what Hugo does, he goes and tells Hugo's mamma in a way they all understand.

They frolic together like two boys. Hugo turns Billy around by his horns or catches his beard. Then Billy butts with his head. Hugo has to watch, and spring away.

Hugo has a cart and a harness for Billy, and drives him about. If Rosa is in the cart, Billy will behave. If Hugo rides, Billy sometimes runs into the sage brush and tries to tip him out.

Nannie is gentle. Rosa holds her head in her lap and strokes her head, or brushes her coarse brown hair.

This is a Billy-goat in the picture.

Nanny-goats have no beards.

Both the goats like to climb. They go up the highest, steepest hill-slopes. The children are often afraid when they see their pets on steep cliffs, but the goats never fall.

Billy and Hugo take long walks. If Billy goes over too steep a way, Hugo tries to call him back. Sometimes Billy makes Hugo come up to him. So he has taught the boy to be a good mountain climber.

Both the goats expect nice bits from the table. Nannie gets more because she gives nice, rich milk. It was Nannie's milk that made Rosa strong after she had been very, very ill.

"HERE IS SOME SALT."

RIDING CALF-BACK.

Here is a little city girl almost ten years old. She came to this place to get strong and healthy.

"Let her go out in the barn with the cows," the doctor told them.

There were three great barns on the farm. The largest was for the cattle.

They were driven into it every night.

On one side stood the cows. Their heads were held by bars that would slide back to let them in.

Such a long row of horns! Stella was quite timid about walking past them.

On one side there were calves.

They were not a year old. She liked them the best.

Stella's uncle told her to choose one for her own.

She was a long time making up her mind. They were all so pretty.

The one she chose at last was a light tan-colored little bossy.

It had soft brown eyes and a white line down its face.

It was as timid as she was, and a little wild. But pet bossy calves soon grow tame, and Stella had great sport with hers.

It liked to run races with her. She taught it to kneel while she brushed its hairy coat.

One day she thought she would ride it. "I should like to write to papa that I did," she said. She coaxed the calf up to the fence with a handful of salt. Cows and calves like salt as well as children do candy.

Then she climbed to the top bar and jumped on.

Bossy was so surprised he did not stir.

Stella felt so safe she called "Get up! get up!"

Away went the calf. Uncle Will saw her from the barn door.

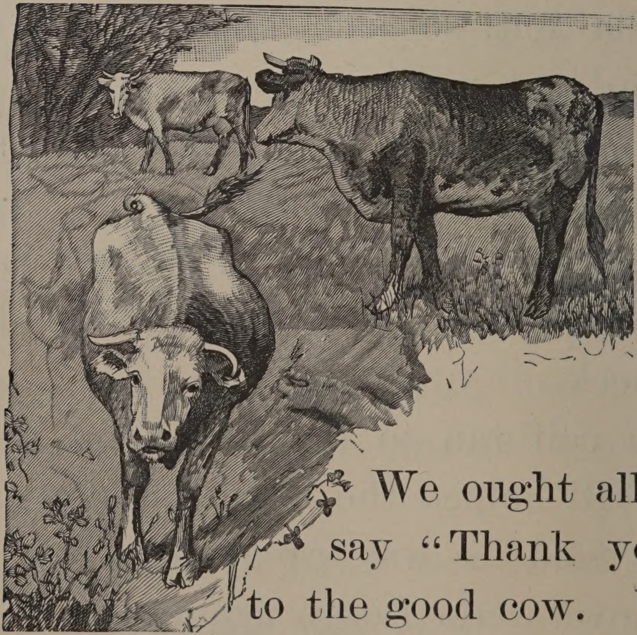
Stella held her place on Bossy's back. She had to put both arms round its neck.

The calf ran to the barn, and Uncle Will helped the little girl down.

She said it was great fun, but she never rode Bossy again.

THE FRIENDLY COW.

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm and fresh and sweet and white.



We ought all to say "Thank you" to the good cow. We owe something to her every day we live.

Think how many things we could not have without milk. What should we do without butter and cheese?

In the country nearly every home has one or two cows.

In the city the milkman stops at every door.

The flesh of cows is useful, too.

Who does not like a nice slice of beef?

Men need her strong skin for their leather boots. Parts of carriages are made of it, and many other things.

Has any one horn buttons on his coat?

Did you know that glue was made of her hoofs?

Let us spend a summer day with these cows in the picture.

We must rise early. Cows are milked soon after sunrise.

They are glad to have the milk taken from them. The bag is heavy when it is full.

I wonder if they like better to have their little calves take it.

The calves have been taken away from them. The mothers cry for a few days. Then we think they forget.

The farmer's boy takes the cows to the pasture.

We call it driving them, but they like to go.

We can walk by the side of the cow if she is gentle. We must not go too near. Cows have hard, heavy hoofs.

We cannot ride on her back. See how bony it looks.

IN THE PASTURE.

The cow is a great walker. We shall come home tired if we follow her.

She will go all around the pasture.

At night she will go back to the bars.

She knows how time passes.

Listen when she begins to feed.

Her teeth are not sharp. She does not bite off the grass.

She gathers a bunch with her tongue, and snaps it off.

Cows do not chew their food much when they take it.

After a while they stop feeding.

Sometimes they lie down.

Then they bring the food back to the mouth, and chew it.

It is in little balls. It is called chewing their cud.

I knew a little girl who thought the cow chewed gum.

I do not think cows would like to do that.

Flies come around and trouble the cow. They light on her back.

She whisks them off with her long tail.

It has a tuft or brush at the end.

There may be a pond or brook in the pasture.

Cows like to stand in the water on a hot day.

They find shady places to stand or lie down in.

The cows will go feeding along to the bars.

They are not greedy, but they eat slowly.

Perhaps they will call, Moo! Moo! Moo!

If the boy gets there first, he will call, Co! Boss! Co! Co!

When the bars are taken down the cows go home.

They know the way. Perhaps they will want to feed a little by the roadside.

Grain or hay is given them at night, and water to drink.

Milking-time comes again. Let us look and see how much is in the pail.

We have passed a quiet day with the cow. Let us leave her now in the stall to chew her cud and to think her thoughts.

She has brought her owner many quarts of milk. I wonder if he says, "Thank you!"

OUT FOR A PICNIC.

OXEN AS PETS.

Did you ever ride in an ox-team?

I once knew a pair of oxen that were great pets.

I often went in the cart down to the beach.

Oxen go in pairs. The pair wear a yoke. They are called a yoke of oxen.

The yoke is made of iron and wood. It is worn across the necks of the oxen.

The ox-cart has a long beam for a shaft. It goes between the two oxen.

They draw the load with their strong shoulders. They walk, taking long steps.

The driver walks on their left side.

He carries a long stick. He guides them by swinging it over their heads. If they do not mind him he prods them with it.

He uses words to tell them how to go.

Gee! or Gee off! means turn to the right. Haw! means to the left. They know it as well as he does.

Oxen are called stubborn because they are dull and slow.

They are the most willing creatures in the world.

They get angry when they are ill-used. Then they lose their sense.

These oxen of mine had been pets all their lives.

They had never been ill-used. So they never got angry.

Their work was to draw seaweed from

the beach. The seaweed was spread on pasture-land.

When they were in their stalls I used to like to feed them.

They would watch for me if I came into the barn.

I liked to make them turn their heads to me when I called their names.

The children in the picture were going for a picnic.

There were fifteen in all. How many do you see?

Uncle Tully took them in his ox-cart.

He was called Uncle or Captain Tully by all the village.

I am sorry to say these children were caught in a shower.

The little girls had to creep under the cart.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

How is it that girls like the lamb better than most boys do? (Boys want energy and spirit in a creature as large as a lamb. Girls appreciate gentleness.)

Sheep have less power to defend themselves, and fewer helps in flight than most of the animals. Let us see if they make the best use of the powers they have. They unite their forces, — live in flocks, at peace with each other. (A sheep straying is always pictured as a strange, wrong sheep.) In a flock lambs are kept in the center, and older, wiser sheep surround them. The fathers of the flock, the rams, will face a foe with real spirit.

Domestic sheep are in the care of the farmer or shepherd. While he is caring for them they are growing a fine fleece to clothe his family. Shepherd dogs are trained to watch. We do not think a dog can count, but if a sheep or lamb is missing, the dog finds it out and searches till he finds it.

THE GOAT.

In this country we do not see its best powers brought out. The mountain goats are most interesting. How they stand on the dizziest heights! How sure-footed they are! What leaps they take! What courage they show!

In hot countries where grass is not found they take the place of the cow, and are everywhere the friend of the poor, because they will find their own food if it is to be had. And yet they have a dainty taste when they can gratify it. Stories of their life and ways will accumulate as class after class takes these Stories as a nucleus.

THE COW.

No animal lends itself so well to purposes of study as the cow. If there is less of wonder there is more variety of interest. It may be well to turn to the reading and develop the points of each paragraph, especially those of 82–85.

The appearance of the cow. (It is often found that children mistake a sober face for a cross one.)

Cows were originally wild, and would have been helpless without horns. The way to make a cow forget her horns is to treat her with such care she does not need to remember them. Even then she might accidentally do harm.

The cow is clumsy and awkward. What could we do with her if she were as quick and free in her motions as a cat?

Watch her as she lies down. Has she rheumatism that she folds her knees so slowly? Study her stiff, straight limbs.

To get the best view of cows we must not be too near them. What is prettier than cows feeding on a hillslope or in a meadow! We might take their photographs, they seem so still. They may not lift their heads, and yet they walk a step at a time as they feed.

Discuss the colors, the size, the different breeds, and the friendly ways of cows.

"YOU MUST EARN IT."

A MONTANA PET.

Do you know this little fellow?

He is a cub now. When he grows up he will be a brown bear.

In the small picture you see him eating. He has bread and milk. He takes the bread in his paws.

See what long claws he has! He will need them to climb with.

Look at his flat feet! Little cubs make nice pets. They are very loving.

A lady put her baby sister beside him one day. He curled up close to her and went to sleep.

This older girl was very fond of him.

She taught him tricks. He put his fore paws around her neck.

Sometimes he hugged too hard. She has a stick of candy in the picture.

Bruin wants it, but she makes him earn it.

If she hides it in her pocket Bruin will find it with his nose.

He found where the sugar was kept and helped himself.

Then he had to be chained.

One day he got away and climbed a tree. His chain caught on a branch and he hung by it.

His owner found him kicking and trying to get hold of the branch.

It was a great deal of trouble to get him down.

People who came to see him gave him candy or sugar. He was cross if they had none for him.

When cold weather came he hid in a large hole.

A DONKEY STUDY.

"Why, he won't go a bit!" It was Nellie who said this.

She sat on a donkey's back, right in the middle of a country road.

She had been there five minutes. She told her brother so when he came up on another donkey.

When Ben's donkey saw that his mate had stopped, he stopped too.

Nothing the children could say or do made them go a step.

At first the children thought it funny, and laughed.

But they got tired of it. They had hired the little donkeys for a ride.

Donkey-boys run behind, if people wish it, to make the donkeys go.

Nellie and Ben thought they could go

A DONKEY STUDY.

alone and their uncle Will let them. But by and bye he hired a bigger donkey and rode the same way.

The children had begun to think they would have to get off and try to lead the stubborn beasts.

"Hold on!" cried a voice, "wait till I come up."

Uncle Will had a sun-umbrella in his hand. He had had to use it to make his donkey mind.

"I'll hold your donkey while you get off and cut a stick," said Uncle Will.

"Until he changes his mind he won't need holding," cried Nellie.

Ben got two good sticks and gave one to his sister.

"I'll make you mind now, you stubborn beast," he said as he tried to mount. But the donkey would not let his rider get on.

The more Ben tried, the more the donkey backed. And Nellie's did the same. When they could stop laughing, Uncle Will held the beast until Ben could mount.

Then he formed a line. He put Nellie first, then Ben. Ben was to punch Nellie's donkey with his stick.

He came last with his sun-umbrella.

He was to make Ben's beast go.

But they had turned towards home. Now they were willing to go, and could not be held back. The children had hard work to keep on.

The donkeys soon came in sight of their owners. Then they began to go as good donkeys should.

THE STORY OF BRONK.

"Ah, me! Ah, me! who will go with Bronk? And what will be done with all our milk if no one goes?"

This was said by a poor Spanish woman, with a deep sigh.

Her husband was very ill. There

was no one to go to the city to carry the milk.

"What will our customers do?" she added.

Then a thought came to the sick man. He sent for a neighbor, and the panniers were put on Bronk's back, as usual.

The cans were filled with milk and were put in the panniers, two on each side.

Then Bronk was called to the sick man's side. His master gave him dainty bits to eat. He praised him, and talked about their need as if Bronk were a child.

And the faithful donkey seemed to understand. He saw that there was trouble in the cabin.

The wife wrote a letter, and pinned it to the saddle. It told of her husband's illness and the trouble they were in.

She asked the customers to measure out their own milk, and to write how much they measured on the paper.

Then the neighbor started Bronk on his way.

A donkey has a good memory. Bronk knew his route perfectly well.

He did not pass by a single customer.

When he came to a house, he brayed; and if no one came, he pulled the door-bell with his teeth.

This he did every day till his master was well.

Was he not a wise and trusty servant?

THE BEAR.

Bears have a remarkable interest for children. The love of the mother bear for her offspring, the playfulness of the cubs, and the wonderful powers sometimes displayed in danger, give to them a great charm. The bear is not, in fact, an enemy of man, whom he attacks only when pursued, or when driven by hunger. (Picture the hunger of a bear when it had been in a cave and without food a long time.)

And yet the bear is not a pleasant companion. "Cross as a bear" means something. (Note how easily and with what small provocation good-nature in bear life can turn to the worst kind of ill-nature, as a lesson for all of us to heed.)

When in full flesh the bear has a heavy body, — compare its motions with those of the cow; its legs and feet with hers.

THE DONKEY.

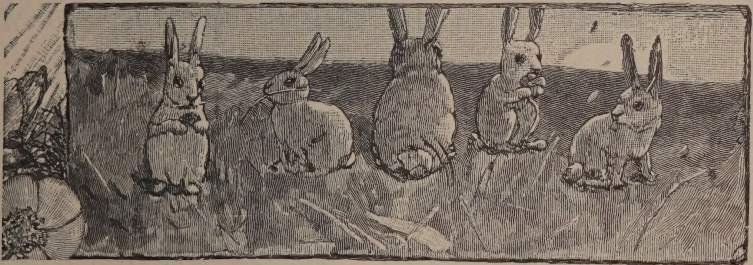
Children think the donkey, pony, or *burro* was made for them, — a miniature horse, more long-suffering and less sensitive than the true horse, and so better for their needs.

The *burros* of the Mexican children are their little subjects or slaves. But they do not let themselves be badly abused. It tests all the powers of the young masters to make them go as they wish. They cry at night, and are sometimes an annoyance in a neighborhood, but are loving, and make friends around a home, getting favors from everybody. Their large heads and old faces make them very amusing to strangers.

TAME RABBITS.

Rabbits are good pets for boys to keep. White ones are the prettiest.

The ears are pink on the inside, and the white ones have pink eyes.



Rabbits' fur is soft and smooth, and how straight they hold their long ears!

They are gentle, timid creatures, and as still as mice!

Rabbits have no weapons of any kind. They cannot defend themselves.

Their safety is in their long hind

legs, and their good ears, that they can turn to catch sound.

If they cannot fight they can run. What leaps they make, and how swift they are!

Boys like to train them to leap over sticks and bars.

Most of the timid animals make homes in the ground. These homes are called burrows. Even a tame rabbit will burrow if you give him a chance. They work with their strong fore paws. The claws are blunt and strong. When they are in danger they run to their burrows.

Some rabbits are wholly black; some are black and white; and there are gray ones and brown ones.

In the South they have the Cottontail. It is gray, with white on the under side of the tail.

Rabbits are hungry little fellows, and must have plenty of food.

What will you give your pet Bunnies to eat?

Look out for them if they are out of the pen. They may gnaw the bark of your father's best trees. They think the world was made for them.

They will be sure to find a cabbage bed if there is one near by.

It does not do to trust them in a garden.

But they will be quite content if they have good grass, and clover, with plenty of bran.

When they do their best for you, give them a carrot or two.

NEWTON, MASS., Sept. 5, 1895.

DEAR PAPA:

I liked your letter. I wish I could go hunting with you. Mamma found out more about Jack Rabbits. The book said they were called so because they had such long ears.

Was the kind you shot yellowish gray, with a white tail? And does it burrow or make a nest in the grass?

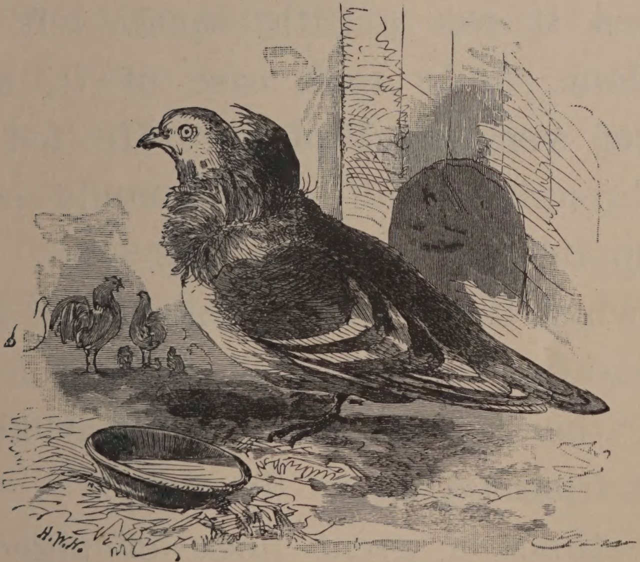
I wish you could bring me a live one. You said it was the swiftest of all animals. I'd like to see one run faster than mine do when I try to catch them.

Please write again to your loving son,

JOHN DWIGHT.

JOSIE AND HIS PIGEON.

Josie is a lame boy. This pigeon is a great comfort to him. It is a beautiful bird.



LITTLE RUFF-NECK.

The ring of feathers about its neck is called a ruff. That is why it was called Ruff-neck. There are many colors in the ruff — green, purple, bluish-gray, and white.

Mother-pigeons are tender to their young. We thought this one's mother must have been killed.

When it was a little squab, left all alone, Josie took care of it, and got very fond of it. He fed it through a quill till it could pick up its food with its bill.

So when it was strong enough to fly, Josie's papa trimmed off the long feathers of its wings. That kept it from trying to fly away.

Sometimes a great flock of pigeons will light on the ground in Josie's door-yard.

They come because there is always food there for the fowls. But

Josie thinks they come to visit his little pet. Their soft mournful cooing seems like talking together.

Little Ruff-neck is glad to see them. Josie says they bring news.

When they are gone, Josie thinks the coo, coo of Ruff-neck is a little more mournful.

But mamma tells Josie that it is quite right for the bird to give his life for a while for a little boy who cannot walk.

Josie gives his to his baby sister and to his mamma.

When he is older, he will give more to others. It is beautiful to give and take.

The pigeon is a happy bird. He

hops upon Josie's shoulder, and eats from his hand. One thing Josie cannot teach him not to do. He uses the chickens' drinking-pan for a bath-tub.

Not long ago, I was walking through the edge of a wood by a lake. I came upon some boat-builders and their three cabins.

I stopped at one, and saw a little squab hopping about, in and out, up and down the steps.

He followed the woman wherever she went, and kept up his coo, coo, coo, all the time. She said he was unhappy if she was out of sight. It was a lonely place to live in. I had no doubt the gentle little bird was a comfort to her.

THE RABBIT.

Pretty, shy, quiet, and docile, rabbits, if they do not appeal to a boy's strongest elements, hold their place for a time.

They cannot be trained to draw carts; but will submit to handling, and perform various feats in high leaping. For their size and activity they are enormous eaters, and will put their teeth into every vegetable in a garden, just enough to spoil it. Farmers, therefore, do not fancy them. Yet there is much to say for them, — they do not snarl or bite, and if wearied with your attentions, do nothing more impolite than to withdraw.

THE PIGEON.

Every one loves the gentle, social pigeons. Choosing to make homes near our dwellings, lighting noiselessly at our very feet, they are the commonest companions of city or country. Capable of high and long flights the same ones will call almost daily on one who spreads a treat for them; and their beautiful forms and plumage make them always welcome.

THE CANARY

is omitted from the Stories because the children will tell as good ones as can be given them. This is a good place in the series for a canary-talk. Their happy life in a cage, their singing and swinging, the daily bath, the whole process of raising a brood, and their little individualities make them to many persons, old and young, the most precious of pets.

A FOUR-HANDED PET.

Two boys were eating peanuts on their front doorstep.

"Hark!" said one. "That sounds like a hand-organ." "Let's go and see. Perhaps there's a monkey."

The boys were right. A man was playing a hand-organ, and a ring-tail monkey was running about.

He wore a red blanket and a cap with a plume.

The boys were soon on the spot.

"Is n't he cute?" cried Paul. "See, he is watching us. How he nods and bows!"

A lady sat at an upper window. She opened it, and the monkey ran up the steps of the house.

"She will have to drop the money," said Fred; "he can't go up there."

But he was already half way up the water-pipe. He swung himself across to the window-sill, and pulled off his cap. The lady dropped a nickel into it.

"That is good climbing," said Paul; "I might try it myself if I had his four hands. He used his tail, too, when he swung across."

"Are n't his fingers long, and when do you think he cut his nails?"

"They are not very fat," said Paul, looking at his own hands.

The monkey took the money to his master. "I wish we had not spent our money," added Fred. "We might offer him a peanut."

"He is eating them shells and all," cried Paul.

"No! no! look at his cheeks."

"He has cheek pouches, perhaps. I know some monkeys have."

The man closed the organ, and the monkey jumped to his shoulder.

"I am going along. I want to see him more," said Fred.

The man looked kind, so Fred said, "Please, Mister, what is your monkey's name?"

"Jocko," answered the man. "I brought him across the sea. He is all the friend I have. He sleeps by my side at night."

"Will he eat the nuts we gave him?"

"His mouth is too full, I will stop and let him eat them now."

The monkey dropped them one by one from his mouth. He cracked them, and gave his master a part of each.

"Poor, poor Jocko," said the man at last in a sad tone.

Jocko pulled a handkerchief out of his master's pocket and held it over his face. He peered out once or twice, but looked very sober.

"Try to be cheerful," the man added. Jocko dropped the handkerchief and put on a broad grin. The boys shouted with laughter.

"I 'd like a monkey for a pet," said Fred, as they walked home.

"He would be a lively one," said Paul, "but I think you would have to look out for his mischief."

NED'S ELEVATOR RIDE.

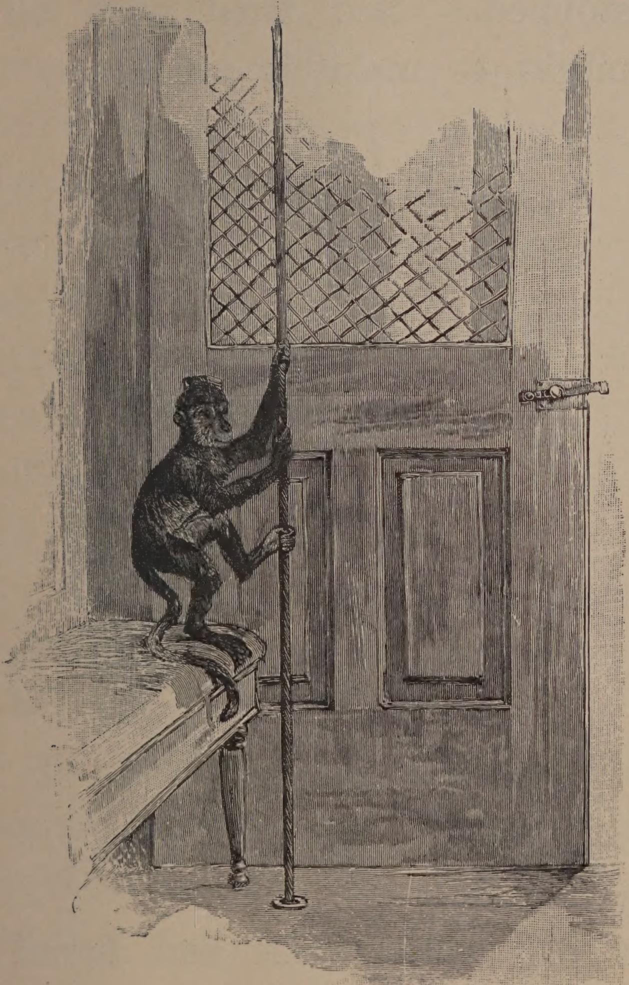
Ned lived in a hotel. He was so bright and jolly that every one was fond of him.

He liked best to be with the elevator boys. They often let him ride up and down with them.

Monkeys like to do what others do. Ned saw the boys work the rope. They never let him try when he was with them, so he watched for a chance to go alone.

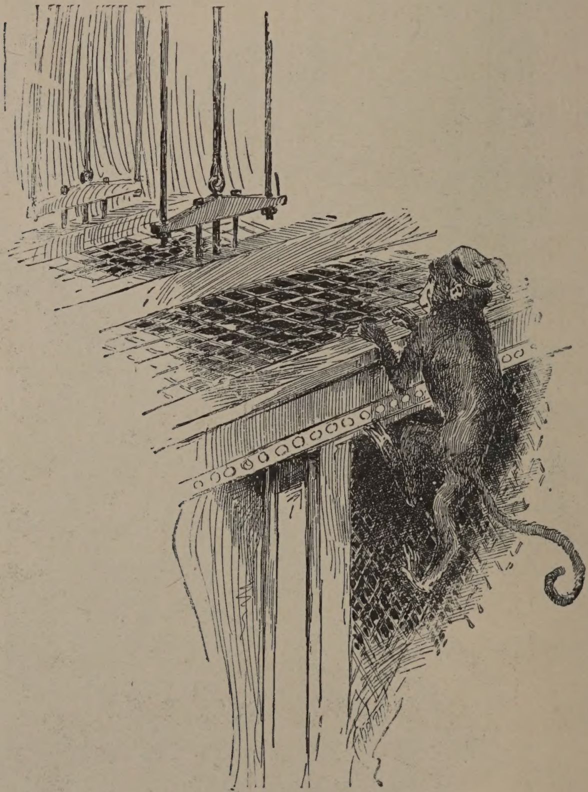
At last one of them stepped out one day, and left the elevator door ajar. In a second, Ned jumped in. He caught the rope, and pulled with all his might.

Up it went, up, up, up, to the very top of the building. There it



UP IT WENT.

stopped. Ned tried with all his might to make it go down.



The boy came back and found the elevator car gone. At the same moment, he heard bells ringing all over the house. It gave him a great fright. He ran upstairs to the roof, and opened the skylight above the elevator.

There, looking up with bright eyes, sat Ned. He had given up trying to make the car come down. The next thing was to get down himself. He saw a way to crawl to the outside of the car. There he saw bell wires and pulled them.

"Ho! Ho! 'twas you that gave me the fright," laughed the boy.

Ned jumped to his shoulder, and hugged him hard. He had had a fright too. He did not try the elevator business again.

MISTRESS POLLY.

A TALKATIVE PET.

In the picture are two pets, but you see they do not love each other much.

Polly had been in the house awhile when Jim Crow came.

She thought she owned everything. It was funny to hear her give her orders. "A cup of coffee, Mary, quick!" "Now I'll walk out!" "I want to walk out!"

If no one minded what she said, she would be angry, or else unhappy.

Her self-pity was quite touching. "Poor Polly!" Polly's sick!" "Polly's hungry!" "No one loves Polly!"

One day a handsome black cat was

given to Polly's mistress. She named him Jim Crow.

She took him to see Polly. The picture shows the result. Jim glared at Polly out of his great green eyes. They looked like balls of fire.

And Polly ruffed up her feathers, tossed her head, and screamed. All hope of making them friends was at an end.

Polly would scream, "You black wretch!" and in cat language Jim was no more polite.

How the parrot knew the cat was black, no one knew.

One day Jim came home in a sad plight. He had been shot. His mistress put a bandage on his wound, but it did him no good. Polly looked on awhile; then she flew down by his side. "Poor Jim! poor Jim!" she said. Then she began to cry as only a parrot can.

But in the midst of her cry, she broke into a wicked laugh, and ended with her old words, "You black wretch!"

Poor Jim could not answer. He died in a few minutes.

Polly lived to be a very old bird.

She did not go on learning, but was much pleased when she remembered an old speech that she had not used. Once in a while, she would call one of the family a black wretch. Her temper did not grow better as she grew older.

THE MONKEY AND PARROT.

Statements from the children are apt to be unreliable as pertaining to any particular species.

The American monkeys have no cheek-pouches, all have broad noses, and none attain a large monkey size. Most species have long tails which they use for a fifth hand, as the greater number of them are tree-climbers.

The monkeys commonly seen with organ-grinders are the Apella, a South-American Capuchin, and the Guenon, a native of Africa. It is said that wherever there are wild parrots there are Guenons, and *vice versa.* Guenons have capacious pouches and callosities. They are easily domesticated.

All these varieties are merry, capricious, and mischievous. Their active spirit requires constant and varied occupation, and if it is not provided they find it. Monkeys become fond of other animals, as well as persons. Instances are common of the most jealous regard for cats, dogs, pigs, etc.

They have not proved either mentally or morally trusty. They learn a new trick in an hour, but soon forget if not kept in practice. Children suffer too much from their tricks to care to retain them long as pets.

When we consider, however, what length of time it has taken to bring many of our domestic creatures to the stage they have reached, hope may be had for this bright little creature of the woods.

Parrot notes will be reserved for a later book.

THE PETS OF A GREAT CITY.

We have had pets for little children and for large children; pets for boys and for girls, for men and for women.

What kind of pets do you think a city might have?

Since I began this book of stories, I have taken a long journey. I went across our great country from the east to the west.

I would like to tell you about many things that I saw.

One of them must have a place in this book of Pets.

The cities on the west coast of our country do not have cold weather in winter as they do where I live in the east.

Animals can live out of doors all the year.

In a place called Golden Gate Park, I saw a sign, "To the Aviary." An aviary is a cage or house for keeping birds.

Walking up the shaded path, I found two rows of long, open houses. They were larger than many real houses. They were great frames of timber, with sides and roofs of wire netting.

The walls did not shut out light, and the ground was covered with shrubs and trees. The tree-trunks pricked through the netting roofs, but the houses were close cages all the same.

In one house rabbits hopped about,

and scores of squirrels ran over the ground and trees.

People coaxed the squirrels with cake and nuts. One tall man made a little gray Bunny run up as high as he himself could reach.

The other houses seemed to be full of birds.

Do you think I mean sparrows? Not at all. Sparrows and other common birds can live out of doors.

These houses were for rare and delicate birds. I think I saw a hundred canaries. How pleased I was to see them so free!

Canaries came first from the warm islands in the far East. There they are as free as any birds. They can find food all the year.

There were trays here and there filled with bird-seed and grain. They were set on high posts for birds' dining-tables. I saw a dozen at a time, feeding together.

There were other birds new to me, and the most beautiful finches I ever saw. I heard children asking, "What kind of a bird is that?" and I wished I could do so myself.

All the time I stayed, people were coming and going, — paying visits to their city's pets.

I said, "I shall tell my children about this." What children do you think I had in mind?

THE BEST PET OF ALL.

Rose-red cheeks, bright brown eyes, soft curly hair.

These belong to our next and last pet.

The people it belongs to think it is the best kind of all.

Prettier than the gray kitten, the white bunnies, the brown squirrel, the shaggy dog, the woolly lamb, the yellow canary, or any of the rest of our pets.

Pretty is that pretty does. Is this pet gentle, loving, and wise? Yes. It can do a great many of the things we have read about.

It can hug almost like Bruin. It has just learned to hold a knife and fork. It has been in mischief

JULIA ROBINSON 1886.

THE BEST PET.

Jocko and Ned never thought of.

It can run and frolic, talk and sing, laugh and cry.

Of course it can, for is it not the little child in the picture?

She came a helpless little baby. A kid or a calf could run about when it was a few days old. She could not walk or talk till she was over a year old.

The animals soon learn to take care of themselves.

She cannot get her own food, or keep herself tidy. Some one had to make her little dress and the bonnet with the blue bow.

What is it that makes her of more worth than any of the creatures?

She can give back more love to those who love her. Already she has powers that they have not. She knows right and wrong much better than they.

And she will go on learning as long as she lives.

Each animal has one or two great powers for taking care of itself.

A man or woman has more powers, and better wisdom to use them.

This father and mother expect their child to grow up wise and good. They care for her now. When they are old and feeble, no doubt she will take care of them and make them happy.

REAL KINDNESS.

Most persons mean to be kind to the animals they call their own.

It is cruel to let any tame creature go hungry or cold if we can help it.

Wild animals know better how to care for themselves.

It is unkind to go away from a house and leave a cat to get its food as it can. Some who would not hurt an animal will neglect it carelessly.

A very kind, thoughtful lady went from Boston to live in a small town in Nebraska.

It was cold there in winter. She found that a great many dogs had no place to sleep.

REAL KINDNESS.

When she saw or heard one, she would call it in, and give it a warm bed beside her kitchen stove.

On some cold nights, she would have half a dozen lying there asleep. Her house came to be well known and barked about among the dogs.

One night she heard a scratching at the door.

She opened it, and there stood Rowdy (who had been there before) and two strange dogs.

Rowdy looked at the lady, then at the dogs, and back to the lady, as if to say, "Please let these friends of mine come in."

She looked at the dogs and said, "No, Rowdy, your friends have good, warm, shaggy coats; they can find a shelter. Your hair is short and thin. My room is too full for them to-night; but you are very cold. You may come in.

Rowdy seemed to explain to the others how it was. They went away, and he came in and slept till morning.

Watch for chances, little readers, to show kindness to all God's creatures.

If we have rights over the animals, we have duties to them.

Let us not fail to do what we can.

If we can do nothing more, let us never illtreat any living thing.

SUMMARY.

It is always well to review a book. The grasp of the whole, when the several parts are familiar, gives opportunity for gathering afterfruits which are often of great interest.

No set plan is needed. Begin with *counting* the Pets of which something has been told. Classify them as to *size*, — how many larger than the cat, — smaller?

Grade them as to *tameness* into three or four classes.

As to *intelligence* in the same way.

How many are *useful?* Which are most *beautiful?*

Call out the opinions of the class, and give the children the chance to try to maintain their right to them.

Questions of natural history may be introduced and the forms noticed, — the *four-footed;* those with *two feet and two wings;* those with *claws*, sharp or blunt; those with *hoofs*, and one with *nails* on hands.

Coverings of hair, — fur, — feathers, — bristles, — skin, — scales.

Comparison: The hen, canary, pigeon, parrot.

Food appropriate to different kinds of creatures. Ways of taking food.

The lives of the Pets: How many show *love*, how many *fear?* Cases of good *memory*, — *faithfulness*, — *gratitude*, etc.

The following pages are given to LETTERS. The use to be made of them must be determined by the capacity of the children. It will probably be wise for the teacher to read them to the class. Afterward, no doubt, the children will read them. Older children will be able to compose and write letters themselves which will have even greater interest.

LETTERS.

Bessie and Edward:

Dear Children, —

I chanced to put my ear to the ground this morning, and heard Mistress Biddy scolding at a distance of quite a hundred miles.

She complained that she had been shut up in a small coop, and had no way to take a bath. She has a way of saying the same thing over and over, but she thought you ought to understand that she would certainly be ill. I dare say it sounded to you like her same, same old story, "Cut! cut! cut! ca-dah-cut!"

Hens are not fond of bathing in water, but if you will give Biddy a box of dry dust, she will fill her feathers with it and then shake it out. That is her way to make herself clean and healthy, and a good way it is too. All sorts of ills come to those who do not keep clean, so I advise you to give Mrs. B. a chance. I shall come home next week to help take care of you all.

Your affectionate uncle,

John Brant.

Troy, N.Y., *May 3, 1895.*

THE HILLS, *Winter, 1896.*

DEAR BROTHER HERO,

I hope you remember me still, though we were such little pups when our family was broken up. I have grown to be as large as our mother, so I suppose you must be a big dog too.

I see a great many fine dogs, but none look or behave any better than we were trained to do. Last month there was a Dog Show and I took a prize. We had to stay in kennels in the great hall for three days, but my master took me out at night. My prize was for my fine form and large size. A little terrier in the next kennel took the prize for tricks. It was fine fun to see him go through them. I am too large for tricks.

My master is very fond of me. I meet him at the train every night. I am dictating this letter for him to write. I found him at his desk and asked him. I give it to him bark by bark and he writes it down. When he has sealed and stamped it, I shall take it down stairs for Mary to put in the mail-box.

Good-bye, I am your dog-brother,

REX.

P. S. — Master let me lick the stamp for him. R.

LETTERS FOUND ON OAK LEAVES WHEN THEY FELL FROM THE TREES IN AUTUMN.

Dear Miss Bunny,

I saw you yesterday on the hickory tree opposite. I am sure you saw me though you hid behind a branch. I liked you the better for that, but I would be pleased to meet you if you will come again to the hickory tree. I have no mate yet, and you looked too young and shy to have one. Let us meet and see if we are not the ones for each other.

With great respect,

Gray Squirrel.

P. S. — I will watch for you on my oak tree, where I have a nice little lunch. G. S.

To the Squirrels of the White Oaks:

I am making a hasty trip through these woods, but have not happened to meet a single one of our race. I leave this letter to tell you of a fine grove of chestnuts up above the bend of the river. I do not think any squirrels have found it. I gathered and hid fully a peck of nuts. While I was there I did not see a sportsman or hear a gun, so I think it is a safe place. All the signs are for a long, cold winter. I am laying up a large supply of nuts.

I hope to see some of you on my way back next moon.

Yours faithfully,

Chipmunk,
Butternut Fells.

Children's Hospital, *Nov. 9, 1895.*

Dear Mamma,

I cannot wait till you come to tell you all I am doing. I sit up now two hours at a time. The lady who used to bring me flowers sent me a globe-shaped glass dish with three little goldfishes. I can't tell you how beautiful they are! The nurse says there is another kind that they call silver fish. These of mine go to sleep and wake up just as we do. I am sure they love each other, for they put their little heads side by side. Once one of them stayed down at the bottom of the glass pond a long time. First I thought he was sick, and then I said "Perhaps the others are cross to him." But they are all right now. Nurse lets me feed them. They are so tame they come up and touch my finger, and eat from it.

I think I like the animals better than the flowers, for I can lie and watch their ways. There is a canary in one of the wards. I am to have it next, and a little boy is to have my fishes.

Come soon, dear mamma, to your loving

Beth.

Cambridge, Mass., *March 9, 1896.*

Dear Readers,

Have you enjoyed the stories of this book, and would you like more of them?

Perhaps if I tell you how these were made, it will help you to get more. The animals themselves told them!

Not in spoken words, of course, but still very plainly in ways and acts. They did not know they were doing it, and perhaps the story-writers did not know at the time that they were gathering the material for stories.

If you will watch the beasts and the birds at their work and their play, thoughts about their lives will surely come to you. And some of them will be worth telling.

When you learn how to do it, writing stories is better even than reading them. The more you notice the ways of animals, the more you will see in them to please and interest you. Would you not like to understand the creatures that you meet, and to have them for acquaintances and friends?

It gives me great pleasure to think I may help children to know and care for them by telling these stories.

Your Friend,

The Author.

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